Merry TOM of all Trades.

Or, A trick to get Mony at every dead lift,
Made known by TOM of all trades that bravely could shift.
From one place to another about he did range,
And at his own pleasure his trade he could change.

The tune is, Behold the man. &c.

MY name is Tom of all trades
theres many knows me well
But no man needs examine me,
to know where I do dwell,
For why my common custome is
to ramble up and down
And I have left behind me,
full many a gallant Town.
Then hey for Tom of all trades
is all the peoples cry.
And Point their fingers at me,
as I am passing by.

Sometimes I am a Taylor,
and work well as I can,
And if you'l take my own word for't
I am an honest man.
All those that are my Customers
I use them all so well
The third part of their cloth
I throw it in to hell,
Yet hey, &c,

Sometimes I am a Glover
and make perfumed gloves,
Of every kind of Fashion
All those that do deal with me,
good pen worths shall have,
You know that Tom of all trades,
doth seldome play the knave.
Yet hey, &c.

Sometimes I am a Shoemaker.
fine ware I make to sell,
And I can fit a pretty wench
and please her humours well.
But if in drawing on her shoes
my hand should chance to slip.
I soon can make amendes again,
with smacking of her lips,
But hey, &c.

Sometimes I am a Weaver
and set my shuttle flye.
But if the Ale-house catch me,
then woe be to the pie.
And if I chance to loyter
but five dayes in the week,
Listen to one on Sunday but
my dinner is to seek.
Yet hey for Tom of all trades
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SOmetimes I am a Baker,
wherein is no deceit,
There's no man can accuse me
for making to much weight:
But for my Lord Mayors Officers
I dare not come them nigh,
For fear that they should put my head
into the Pillory.
Then hey, &c.

Sometimes I am a Brewer,
my actions are so just,
I never coven any one,
but them that dos me trust.
When I put in my Mole-dish,
so honestly I deale.
That out of one whole bushel of grist
I but a peck dos steale.
Yet hey, &c.

Sometimes I am a Blacksmith,
and Vulcan is my name,
But if my wife doe horn me,
there's no man can her blame.
For if it be my Fortune
a Cuckold for to dye,
Theres others of my Neighbors may
doe so as well as I,
Yet hey, &c,

The Brewers trade I practice,
sometimes the rest among,
And I can make my Ale and Beere
both nappy stout and strong,
But like to other Brewers
I order can the matter,
For if I put in too little Malt,
I put in the more water.
Yet hey, &c.

Sometimes I am a Shavor.
and Barb well I can,
And I can trim a Woman
as well as any man,
My Razor and my Washing-balls,
make me so neat a Barber,
That I can cut the hair so close
a Louse can have no harbour,
Yet hey, &c.

Sometimes I keep an Ale-house,
the best trade of them all.
For that will surely stand fast
when other Trades do fall.
I likewise keep two wenches mate,
that can both kisse and spin,
And they will wait on Gentlemen
and bring the profit in.
Yet hey, &c,

When all these Trades do fail me,
the truth of all is so,
Unto Barbadoes, Jamaica, or
New-England will I goe.
Or to High Spaniola,
among the Golden Ore,
For there is room enough for me
and forty thousand more.
Then hey, &c.

Printed for F. Coles. T Vere, and W. Gilbertson.